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DC

ISSUE 4

# BATMAN™

# THE MAXX™

## ARKHAM DREAMS

SAM KIETH

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AGAIN, I SIT MOTIONLESS.

AND, ONCE AGAIN, I AM NOT ALONE.

THESE DAYS, MOST OF THE OUTBACK IS LIFELESS. BARREN.

SAVE FOR THIS RARE, MOSSY OUTBACK TREE. BUT I AM NOT AFRAID...

THE BATMAN JOINS ME. HE TOO STANDS MOTIONLESS. POISED. READY TO STRIKE...

...FOR HE ALONE KNOWS THE PROUD HONOR...

...OF GETTING TO STAND NEXT TO...

...THE MAXX

HE'S DOING IT AGAIN.

WHAT?

THINKING OUT LOUD AGAIN. MAXX, KNOCK IT OFF.

I DETECT THE FAINT WHIFF OF... WHAT IT IS? SARCASM?

IT'S ME, MAXX! *MR. GONE.*

CAN YOU SEE THE RED EYE YET?

GONE'S IN MY HEAD, SOMETHING ABOUT A RED EYE.

IGNORE IT, JUST KEEP WALKING.

WHERE ARE WE WALKING TO?

ACTUALLY, YOU'RE NOT WALKING, MORE LIKE LIMPING.

BATMAN'S HELPING ME TO GET YOU SOMEPLACE SAFE.

YOU KEEP FLASHING IN AND OUT OF THE OUTBACK. CHASING LAWN FURNITURE AND PARKING METERS.

PERHAPS THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH...

...MY OLD FOE, THE DREADED...

...DECANT!

THOUGH HE LOOKS LIKE AN ANIMAL, HE'S ACTUALLY GENETICALLY CLOSER TO A RUBBER PLANT.

NOTICE HOW HIS RUBBERY MUSCLES REMAIN TAUT, READY TO POUNCE.

BEWARE HIS LACK OF EYEBALLS—HE CAN SMELL OUR VERY SCENT...

SNIFF SNIFF

THAT, AND THE FACT THAT YOU'RE WHISPERING SO LOUDLY.

AROAARR!!!

DAMN. OH, YEAH, THAT TOO.

THE TIME FOR TALK HAS PASSED. LOOK, HE'S ABOUT TO...

...ATTACK!

QUICKLY, MANBAT, HELP ME SUBDUE THE RUBBERY DECANT.

WHUMP

THAT'S "BATMAN," AND I BELIEVE THE COUCH YOU'RE ATTACKING IS MADE OF STUFFING AND CLOTH.

FURNITURE SALE

RIP

HEY-!

CHAIRS

WAIT, THIS IS ALL WRONG. HAS THE WILY DECANT SHAPE-SHIFTED INTO A... A...

...A COUCH?

HEY, YOU IDIOT, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT!

MAXX, YOU'RE STILL LIMPING FROM YOUR FIGHT WITH THE DECANT, I MEAN, COUCH...

WHERE IS JULIE? I MEAN, THE JUNGLE QUEEN.

I THINK I'M IN THE WRONG OUTBACK. THERE ARE AIR WHALES, DECANTS, BUT THE ISZS IN THIS OUTBACK SEEM TO HAVE ALL DIED OFF.

MAXX, IT'S ME, I'M HERE.

*UH*, OH, YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.

*AWW*... DON'T WORRY. I ONLY LOOK THIS WAY BECAUSE THIS OUTBACK'S JUNGLE QUEEN IS DYING, SILLY. THIS OUTBACK IS BARREN. POISONED.

BUMMER.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

IT'S NOT TOO LATE. YOU AND BATMAN CAN HELP HEAL THE WHOLE OUTBACK BY STOPPING THE ***POISON GREEN STORM*** THAT'S BREWING.

BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW.

WAIT, YOU'RE STARTING TO FADE. YOU LEFT ME ONCE BEFORE, WHEN WE WERE UP ON THE ROOF.

DON'T LEAVE ME, JULIE. DON'T LEAVE. DON'T LEAVE.

*AWW*... THAT'S SWEET. JUST REMEMBER, MAXX, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, YOU'LL ALWAYS CARRY ME AROUND IN YOUR HEART.

SAPPY AS THAT SOUNDS.

IT DOESN'T SOUND SAPPY, IT SOUNDS... BEAUTIFUL.

*AWW*, I BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE DEAD JUNGLE QUEENS.

DON'T LEAVE.

NEITHER OF US CAN CONTROL THAT.

GOSH, YOU REALLY ARE A HOPELESS ROMANTIC, AREN'T YOU?

*DUH*. NOW, SHOW ME, RIGHT NOW, HOW TO STOP THE GREEN STORM IF YOU GET CONFUSED, 'KAY?

'KAY. REMEMBER HOW YOUR SMART PHONE HAS GPS THAT HELPS IF WE LOSE TOUCH?

NOPE.

=*SIGH*= OKAY, SEE THAT GIANT AIR-TURTLE SWIMMING TOWARDS THOSE CLOUDS?

YES!

I'M JUST PROUD WE'RE SEEING THE SAME THING.

"THAT GIANT AIR-TURTLE IS THE KEY. HER BRAIN'S GPS GUIDES HER BACK HOME TO THOSE SAME CLOUDS, WHERE SHE SLOWLY CRAWLS ALONG WITH HER FINS."

"WHAT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH HEALING THE OUTBACK?

"OKAY, MAXX, CARE TO GUESS WHAT SHE' S DOING?"

"...I DUNNO.

"WAIT, IS SHE LAYING EGGS?"

"BINGO, MAXX. ABOUT THREE HUNDRED."

"WAIT, *UH*... I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING... CLOUDS ARE A DUMB PLACE TO LAY EGGS."

"WHY IS THAT, MAXX?"

"BECAUSE, WHAT IF IT RAINS? OR THE CLOUDS BREAK UP?"

"EXACTLY."

"*UH*... I STILL DON'T GET IT."

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, BUT WE'RE NOT ALONE ANYMORE, ARE WE?

CRAP.

MANBAT, WAIT, I MEAN, *UH*... BATMAN, WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

I WAS ABOUT TO ASK YOU THE SAME THING. AND SOMEBODY HAD TO PAY OFF THAT SIDEWALK VENDOR FOR HIS RIPPED-UP COUCH.

MAXX... NOW WHAT DO WE SAY?

THANKS. THE JUNGLE QUEEN WARNED ME OF A GREEN STORM THAT'S COMING, THEN WE WATCHED A FLOATING TURTLE LAY SOME EGGS.

OKAY...

NOW CAN SOMEONE EXPLAIN WHY THIS GIANT ROCK IS FLOATING ABOVE OUR HEADS?

GOTTA RUN. BYE.

SHE DOES THAT A LOT.

POOF

SO, TO CLARIFY, YOU'RE TELLING ME A MYSTERIOUS GREEN STORM IS BEHIND ALL THESE GAMES THE JOKER IS PLAYING?

OH, I GET IT. GREEN EQUALS THAT JOKER GUY. IS THERE SOME CONNECTION TO THAT GREEN POISON HE USED TO INJURE THE AIR WHALE'S FIN?

POSSIBLY. BUT THAT "WHALE" IN THIS DIMENSION, WAS AN AIR BALLOON WHICH JOKER HIJACKED, ONE CARRYING TOXINS WHICH HE PLANNED TO DROP OVER GOTHAM.

BUT WE STOPPED JOKER FROM DROPPING THEM, RIGHT? DIDN'T WE SEE THE TOXIN CONTAINERS FALL INTO THE WATER?

BUT THEY DIDN'T DETONATE. FOR ALL WE KNOW, THEY MAY STILL BE LEAKING POISON INTO THE BAY.

...WHICH MIGHT BE THE GREEN GUNK THE JUNGLE QUEEN WARNED US IS AFFECTING THE OUTBACK.

SPEAKING OF CLOUDS, SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE GATHERING BEHIND US.

I'M BACK AGAIN, BUT IS THIS THE OUTBACK OR THE REAL WORLD?

YOU'RE NO LONGER DRESSED AS THE JUNGLE QUEEN... MY OUTBACK HEAD DRESS IS GONE TOO, BUT WHERE'S THE CITY? WE JUST KEEP SHIFTING BETWEEN WORLDS.

THE ONE CONSTANT SEEMS TO BE THIS THREAT OF A GROWING STORM, BUT STILL NO SIGN OF THAT MANIACAL GREEN-HAIRED MENACE.

I CAN SENSE A STORM IS INDEED GATHERING IN THIS PARTICULAR OUTBACK.

MY PLAN TO USE VARIOUS ARKHAM VILLAINS HAS WORKED WONDERFULLY, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE MOSTLY JUST PAWNS.

THESE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SKULLS HELPED ME RIDE A PSYCHIC TRAIL IN THIS INFECTED OUTBACK, AS THE GREEN CLOUDS ARE ROLLING IN.

MR. FREEZE SKULL

PENGUIN SKULL

TWO-FACE SKULL

HARLEY SKULL

JOKER SKULL

I CAN'T SEE YOU, GONE, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE BEHIND ALL THIS SOMEHOW.

OH, YES, HE WILL.

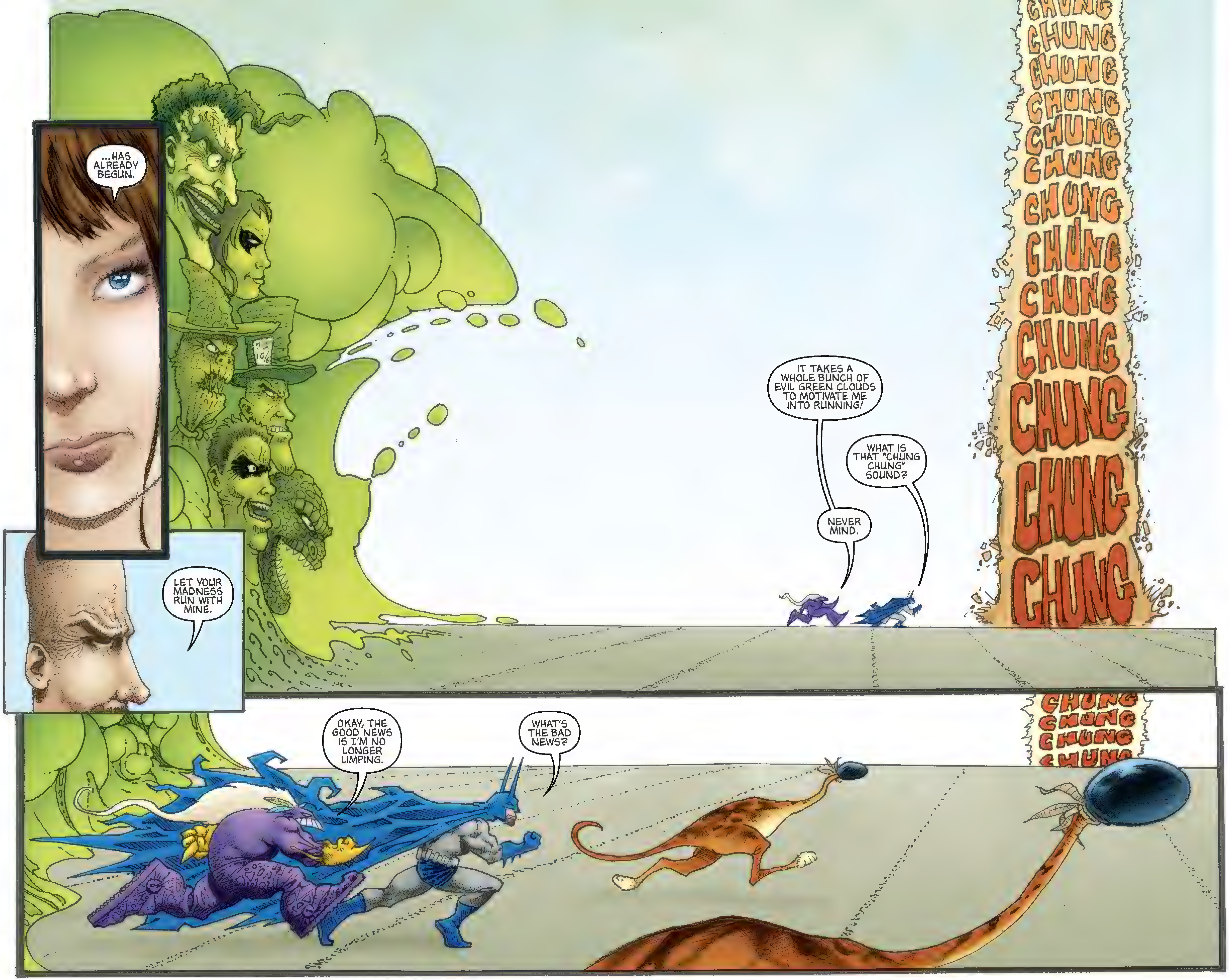
MAXX SKULL

BAT SKULL

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, GONE.

HUSH UP, MY PURPLE FRIEND.

...THE PERFECT STORM...


...HAS ALREADY BEGUN.
LET YOUR MADNESS RUN WITH MINE.
IT TAKES A WHOLE BUNCH OF EVIL GREEN CLOUDS TO MOTIVATE ME INTO RUNNING!
WHAT IS THAT "CHUNG CHUNG" SOUND?
NEVER MIND.
CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG
CHUNG CHUNG CHUNG
OKAY, THE GOOD NEWS IS I'M NO LONGER LIMPING.
WHAT'S THE BAD NEWS?

OKAY, MAXX, LOOK WHO'S EMERGED FROM THE CLOUDS.

GONE!

I KNEW YOU WERE BEHIND ALL THIS.

OH, NO, BR'ER LAPPIN, MY CLOUDY ASPIRATIONS HAD MORE THAN A LITTLE HELP FROM BATMAN'S VILLAINS.

IN THIS OUTBACK, THEIR SKULLS SPEAK TO ME...

...AND OH WHAT MARVELOUS SECRETS THOSE ARKHAM SKULLS SHARED!

BATMAN'S VILLAINS AREN'T ALL BAD PEOPLE. IT'S JUST SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, THEY LOST THE BIGGER PICTURE.

RIDDLER, HARLEY, EVEN THE JOKER HIMSELF, THEIR MOTIVES WERE ONCE ALL PURE.

MAXX, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I'M ACTUALLY UNLEASHING THIS STORMY TORRENT OF ARKHAM VILLAINS TO SAVE THE OUTBACK, NOT HARM IT.

HERE'S A STORY TO HELP EXPLAIN.

Sip Sip Sip Sip Sip Sip Sip

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL NAMED NOLA.

SHE'D GROW UP TO BE A POWERFUL SHAMAN.

SHE BELONGS TO ONE DIMENSION...

...AND I TO ANOTHER.

NOLA AND THE "MOM'S RED EYE" ENTITY HOLD THE KEY TO THE NECESSITY FOR POISON TO CLEANSE THE POLLUTED OUTBACK.

MAXX, I UNDERSTAND YOUR DISTRUST OF MY MOTIVES...

...BUT I'M AMORAL, NOT EVIL.

GONE, YOU'RE BOTH EVIL AND A LIAR.

I'M BACK, AGAIN. TOGETHER WE'LL PREVAIL. LET'S DO THIS!

YES... WE HAVE TO.

TO BE CONCLUDED... REALLY!

# NEXT MONTH

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